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METEORIC STONES.

The fall of stones from the atmosphere, described by many ancient historians or handed down by oral traditions, was until a comparatively recent period considered by philosophers as a fable invented by ignorance and superstition. But later researches have proved the truth of the commonly received opinion on this subject, and as on many other points of physical science, the philosopher has finally found that he had rejected facts, because they had been somewhat misrepresented, or mixed up with superstitions. In the ancient classics, and in the chronicles of some half-civilized nations, a shower of stones are mentioned as omens of some dreadful event. Comets, eclipses, brilliant meteors, speaking cattle, mysterious sounds, are all spoken of in the same tone as awful auguries of divine wrath. But modern observation has shown that stones do fall from the heavens, and science has given them various names, as aerolites, ceramites, bolides, &c. which when turned into plain English mean nothing more than atmospheric stones, thunder-stones, lightning-stones, &c. As to their origin, science gives us no satisfactory information. Some philosophers maintain that they have been ejected from volcanoes on the surface of the earth, others that they have been thrown from those of the moon. To the last theory it is objected that we must assume a form capable of ejecting materials many thousand miles, or that the stones would of course fall back to the moon, and that such force could not be exerted without a treble recoil which would produce an effect upon the moon's situation and motion. But, a French philosopher, has, however, calculated that a velocity four or five times greater than that of a cannon ball might bring a body from the moon's surface to the earth. To the first named theory it has been objected that these bodies are often of a great size, are at a vast distance from any volcano, and fall from a much greater height than volcanic ejections are ever known to reach. Another theory maintains that they have been formed in our atmosphere by the combination and condensation of their components, which were previously diffused there in a gaseous force, and in support of this hypothesis we are reminded that showers of water and ice are formed in the same manner. It seems a sufficient reply to this argument, and a fatal objection to the theory, that the stony masses precipitated from the sky are often of immense size and weight, weighing hundreds and even thousands of pounds, and that it is impossible to suppose, if formed in the way alluded to, that they could be supported in the air while the formation was going on; or in other words, if formed like rain and hail, they would fall like rain and hail, in showers of fine dust, and not in mountain-like masses. A fourth hypothesis is to the origin of these mysterious visitants, if it cannot be conclusively demonstrated to be true, has at least the merit of plausibility, and cannot easily be proved to be false. It is, that they are detached masses moving through the boundless regions of space, which casually come in contact with our planet; or, that they are in fact satellites of our earth revolving round it in eccentric orbits, like comets round the sun, and that on coming into contact with our atmosphere, they become ignited and explode, and that the parts thus detached from the mass, or the whole mass itself are thus thrown down upon the surface of this globe.

One of the best articles in the April number of the New England Magazine—*beat*, because written with healthy moral purpose, is entitled "credulous people"—and is levelled at certain teachers of infidelity, who have multiplied to an extent somewhat alarming, in the land of the Pilgrims. After pointing out the sophistry by which even an ingenious and well-balanced mind, may come at last to full belief in the dark and hopeless creed of the atheist, it touches off the character of one of those free-thinking philosophers, who see evidence of every thing in the universe, but of the existence of a God. [Port. Argus.]

As Abner grew up, he became an infidel; and often has he mentioned to me the argument, which carried conviction to his mind, and which, he says is unanswerable. Happening to meet with a translation of Lucretius, he there found that bad philosopher, but beautiful poet, teaches the motion of the atoms, though the vast hane, combining and conforming in various adhesions, until this world of beauty, and man at the head of it, arose as the true shapes happened to jump together. This, Al-tail combined with the rule of his mutations and combinations, as he found it stated in Pike's arithmetic. "You must grant me," said he, one

day when he was descending on his favorite theme, that all sorts of combinations, in these atoms, are possible; you must grant me, further, that one of these combinations is the present system and order of beauty; suns, stars, planets, streams, birds, beasts, man, male and female. Now, sir," continued he, "these atoms have had an indefinite period in past time, to snake about like the figures in a kaleidoscope, and you and I happen to fall on the present configuration. That's all." I told him I had never seen a system of cosmogony more easily despatched. I ought to have mentioned before, that Abner is an old bachelor, and hates the present race of women almost as much as he hates his Bible. But, as he wants a wife, whenever he can find a suitable one—he is resolved to carry his system of philosophy into practice. He has procured himself a kind of long tub, like the circle churn, which I have seen among the Dutchmen in New York. This tub, or vessel, turns with a crank, and he has put into it some of the finest pipe-clay he could get, together with pulverized marble and chalk, mixed with a little milk and water. This he turns diligently, for six hours every morning; and says he doubts not, when the right configuration of particles comes about, he shall see a beautiful woman hop out of his tub, whom he intends to marry. I called on him the other day, and found him sweating away at his task, nothing discouraged by the sweet, reluctant, amorous delay, with which his bride, in pose and not in esse, treats his philosophic advances. Abner has been at work on the project now for almost a whole year; and I asked him if he was not about discouraged. "No," said he, with great simplicity; "for, though it is possible, that this crank may be turned for billions of ages, and the right configuration not be found, it is possible, also, it may come the next moment." Poor Abner! before I embrace your principles, I think I shall wait until you have found your wife.

CONJUGAL ENDEARMENTS.

"My dear, I'll thank you for a little more sugar in my coffee, if you please."
"My dear, don't dear me. I'd as soon have you call me devil as my dear."
"Well, my devil then—I'll thank you for a little more sugar in my coffee."
At this proof of affection on the part of her husband, Mrs. Snapdragon burst into a rage of tears. She had got up as the saying is, "wrong end foremost" that morning, and nothing would please her. She was no more satisfied with being called my devil than my dear, though she had a minute before declared that she preferred it. On the contrary, she took her husband literally to the task for his ready compliance with her suggestions.

"Oh, you vile, wicked, good-for-nothing man!" she exclaimed; "is it thus you treat your affectionate wife? Is it thus you apply names to her which I dare not mention?"
"But my devil, you did mention it just now. You suggested the idea—you put the very words into my mouth; and as I always like to comply with your wishes you know. So, my dear—my devil I mean—a little more sugar if you please."

"Sugar! I won't give you a jot more. I'll see you hanged first. You use more sugar than your odious neck is worth."

"I've acquired that habit from having so sweet a wife. Besides, I pay for it out of my own money."

"Now reproach me with my poverty, will you? If I didn't bring you any money, I bro't you respectable connexions, and—"

"True, you brought all your connexions." "Now you reproach me with that, will you? I dare say you grudge my connexions every mouthful they eat while they're here."

"I grudge nothing, my dear—I would say dev—"

"Don't use that word again, Mr. Snapdragon—If you do, I'll leave the table."

"I thank you, my love—then I'll help myself to sugar."

"Yes, and you'd help yourself to another wife I dare say, if I was gone."

"I'm afraid that there is but little chance for that. But my coffee is cooling, while I'm waiting for the sugar."

"Then it'll be like your love, which has been cooling ever since we married."

"Thank you, my dear, there's nothing like a sharp acid for a cooling draught."

"Sharp acid! Do you call me sharp acid?—I'll not endure your taunts any longer. I'll go home to my connexions. I'll have a separate maintenance."

"Whenever you please, my dear—my darling, I won't take such language from you."

"[Going with the sugar-bowl in her hand.] Leave me the sugar, if you please."

"Here, take it!" [Throwing it at his head, and exit.]

From the American Magazine.

GEOLOGY.

It is generally known, probably, that there are two theories respecting the present formation of this globe: One called the Volcanic theory, which supposed a great subterranean fire to have been the cause of the various sub-

stances of which it consists; the other, called the Neptunian system, assumes that a deluge of waters produced the appearance and the condition, as it now exists. Both these physical causes have probably had an influence in making the earth what it appears and what it is. The studious geologist and philosopher almost every where finds evidences of a deluge, which overflowed the globe, and produced great changes in the form of the surface; as to mountains, valleys, bays, rivers &c. And marine shells and skeletons are also found far from the ocean, and deep (sometimes) in the bowels of the earth. There are also evidences of changes wrought on the surface of the earth, by volcanic fires. Some of which have become extinct or closed up. And the heat of these volcanoes, no doubt, has operated partially in the formation of rocks and minerals. These, however, have been quite limited compared to the extensive effects of a general or universal deluge. The history of the formation of our globe is so short, and given in such general terms, that it leaves much to conjecture. The account by Moses, the Jewish law-giver, is the most authentic which exists. Nor is there probable evidence that any other, or any more early and correct was ever written. The cosmogony of the most learned writers of ancient times, is evidently borrowed from Moses, or is to be traced to traditions which came from the Jews. Moses probably wrote according to the tradition and belief of the patriarchs: for before him, no writer, is known to have existed. To the learned men of Egypt, too, he might be indebted for part of his statement. That his history was the result of full, plenary inspiration, is exceedingly doubtful—and yet his sacred character is a sufficient guarantee for the truth of his narrative. This is a concise but natural account of the appearances and the events which occurred. The knowledge of the origin of our race might be transmitted from Adam to Noah, with few errors or mistakes. And, together with the story of the deluge, would be safely handed down through a few hands to Abraham and Jacob. Shem, and probably Noah, lived to the time of Abraham. Noah lived three hundred and Shem, five hundred years after the flood: and Abraham was only the tenth generation from Noah. From Abraham to Moses, six generations; though the life of man was much shortened, three individuals might convey all the knowledge of the former.

But the geologist should seek for facts, and examine things as they are, without regard to any ancient theory, however respectable. Revelation and science are not opposed; but usually the latter has only served to support the former. The candid geologist will acknowledge that there are evident indications of the Mosaic deluge; and the learned student of history will also admit that the account given by Moses of the origin and early migrations and settlements of mankind are true.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is to a woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss, raised on the death of all her present enjoyment. She quits her home—her parents—her companions—her occupations—her amusements—every thing on which she has hitherto depended for comfort—for affection—for kindness—for pleasure. The parent by whose advice she has been guided—the sister to whom she had dared impart every embryo thought and feeling—the brother who has played with her, by turns the counsellor and the counselled—and the younger children, to whom she has hitherto been the mother and the playmate—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke—every former tie is loosened—the spring of every action is to be changed: and yet she flies with joy in the untrodden path before her; buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipation of the happiness to come. Then woo to the man who can blight such fair hopes—who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyment, and the watchful protection of home—who can, coward like, break the illusions that have won her, and destroy the confidence which love had inspired. Woe to him who has too early withdrawn the tender plant from the props and stays of moral discipline in which she has been nurtured, and yet makes no effort to supply their place.

American Magazine.

GHOST STORIES.

There is a foolish and pernicious practice with some people, of relating stories to young children to excite alarm and terror. It is not only foolish, or unreasonable, it would not justly call forth strong expressions of censure. Yet, even in such cases, the practice had better be discontinued, and may be condemned as quite improper. Stories to arouse the curiosity and excite inquiry, if the subjects tend to utility, are certainly proper and commendable. But the common tales of Blue Beards, and Giants, of spectres and ghosts, are extremely injurious in their influence and effects. Unfounded and absurd notions are received, which serve only to terrify, and which even by correct knowledge afterwards received, cannot be entirely subdued or eradicated. It is vain to reason a-

gainst them, or to oppose to them the knowledge derived from natural philosophy and the sciences. I have known men of great learning, who were unable to get rid of early but very unreasonable fears, produced in childhood by the stories of nurses or illiterate parents; and who were always occasionally under their unhappy influence, though their sober judgment was that they were mere fictions.

Let children be taught, that the great Creator has impressed laws on all things, which operate uniformly; and that they are in safety, while they conduct well and have a reverence for the great and good Being. They should be taught that ghosts and apparitions are wholly fanciful; that all the spectres they need guard against are guilty fears; and if they are virtuous, these will never haunt them, nor ever exist.

Amer. Maga.

New way to make half Cents.—We always like see a man quibble for a half cent; it looks so economical. These confounded (wish we had a house full of them) four pence ha'pennies and nine penny bits are such ugly things to do with, as to an even number—the change always comes, as we heard a man once express it "so kind o' as yer don't want it should"—that one sometimes finds it hard to make them square exactly with his notions of economy and justice.

"Ave you got a haxe to sell," exclaimed a Cockney as he entered a yankee retailer's shop.—"Ave you got a haxe, I says?"—"Axe! well I guess I have."—"Well I want a 'atchet."—"Hatchet! oh I well, I can accommodate you; I take it mister you dont want it to chop your letters off, nor nothing." And the yankee thrust his tongue into one side of his mouth and grinned.

"Let's see your 'achets."—"Here's a first chop one, worth a dollar; but seeing its you, you may take it for three and ninepence."—"Ow much be that?"—"Sixty-two and a half cents, exactly;"—"I'll give you fifty;"—"Oh couldn't think ont; cost me sixty cents;"—"I'll give you sixty;"—"No mister, we cant trade, I must make a little profit," and the shop-keeper was replacing his articles. "Oh! well mister I never stand for a half cent." The man paid down two quarters of a dollar and a nine penny piece, which the Yankee put into his drawer and handed him the hatchet. "I want my half cent," said the man. "Well mister, how on earth can I give you a half cent—we've no coins of that sort; you'd better buy something else and I'll make it even." "No, I must have my half cent." Well, mister, if you must have it, you must, that's all, but you wont want another I recon." He took the hatchet he had just sold, from the man's hands, and walking to the door, laid a cent on the stone. "Stop! stop! sir, you'll dull my 'atchet," but the shop-keeper had already cut the cent on the door stone into two parts with one blow of the instrument. "Here mister,—if you must have half cents you can't complain if you should have to pay for the instruments to make them with—any how." The man went off with his 'atchet, grumbling and swearing, the joke was as dull as the 'atchet.—National Eagle.

AMES' IRON WORKS.

There is a great deal of Yankee enterprise in old Massachusetts. Perhaps no State goes before her in the extent and variety of manufactures, compared with the amount of population. There are many instances of individuals in that State starting from small beginnings and rising to wealth and eminence in manufacturing establishments. A striking instance of this kind is found in the shovel works of Oliver Ames. A correspondent informs us that he commenced the manufacture of shovels when young, and carried on the business in quite a humble style. When he had finished a few dozen of shovels he would pack them into a low wagon and carry them off to market. Now he has three extensive factories, one at Easton, where he resides, one at Bramtree, and one at West Bridgewater, and gives employment to three four-horse teams to carry his shovels to market. He has in his factories nine tilt hammers, which weigh about four tons a piece, and each cost from \$1500 to \$2000. His works turn out about forty dozen shovels a day, and that is not sufficient to supply all the orders he receives. He employs about sixty workmen constantly. Each shovel goes through about twenty different hands. He pays his workmen from twelve to fifty dollars a month. His works cost upwards of \$75,000. His profits are probably from 15 to \$2,000 a year. So much for individual enterprise.

American Magazine.

Lord Brougham in commenting on the Boldness of the King's speech, boldly changed the Duke of Wellington with intriguing for the dismissal of himself and colleagues. He also forewarned the Lords in a prophetic tone, of the danger of menacing and wearing out the spirit of the country by another dissolution—of slighting and treating contemptuously the expressed voice of the people in the House of Commons, and of endeavoring to rule by the aristocracy. He evidently predicted a revolution as the consequence.

NEW SPINNING WHEEL.

We examined, the other day, an exceedingly simple contrivance for spinning wool of worsted, or for doing any thing else that is usually done upon the common domestic spinning wheel, invented by Capt. L. Norcross of Dixfield, Me. The machine is small, light, and portable. It may set upon a table and the spinner sit down by it, and perform her operations without travelling back and forward making a long journey of steps while spinning a skein, as in the old system. Two posts about a foot high are put upon a piece of plank, say two feet long and a foot wide, a shaft passes from one post to the other. On one end of the shaft is a crank and on the other a cog wheel, say 8 or 10 inches diameter. The spindle is made in a usual form, but instead of a common whirr or pulley for the band to play on, it has an endless screw into which the cogs of the wheel mesh. Thus by turning the crank the spindle is made to revolve. The speed of the spindle may be regulated by proportioning the machinery according to the wants of the operator. Mr. Norcross has secured a patent for it, and we doubt not will be well rewarded for his ingenuity.

Things a farmer should not do.—A farmer should never undertake to cultivate more land than he can do thoroughly; half tilled land is growing poorer—well tilled land is constantly improving.

A farmer should never keep more cattle, horses, sheep, or hogs, than he can keep in good order; an animal in high order the first of December, is already half wintered.

A farmer should never depend on his neighbor for what he can, by care and good management, produce on his own farm; he should never beg fruit while he can plant trees, or borrow tools while he can make or buy; a high authority has said, the borrower is a servant to the lender.

The farmer should never be so immersed in political matters, as to forget to sow his wheat, dig his potatoes, and bank up his cellar; nor should he be so inattentive to them as to remain ignorant of these great questions of national and state policy which will always agitate more or less, a free people.

A farmer should shun the doors of a bank, as he would an approach of the plague or cholera; banks are for men of speculation, and theirs is a business with which farmers should have little to do.

A farmer should never be ashamed of his calling; we know that no man can be entirely independent, yet, the farmer should remember, that if any one can be said to possess that enviable distinction, he is the man.

No farmer should allow the reproach of neglecting education to lie against himself or family; it should be early and deeply laid in the district school.

A farmer should never use ardent spirit as a drink; if, while undergoing severe fatigue, and the hard labors of the summer, he would enjoy robust health, let him be temperate in all things.

A farmer should never refuse a fair price for any thing he wishes to sell; we have known a man who had several hundred bushels of wheat to dispose of, refuse \$8. because he wanted \$8. 6d, and after keeping his wheat six months was glad to get \$8. 6d. for it.

A farmer should never allow his woodhouse to be emptied of wood during the summer months; if he does when winter comes, in addition to cold fingers, he must expect to encounter the chilling looks of his wife, and perhaps compelled, in a series of lectures, to learn that the man who turns green wood has not mastered the A B C of domestic economy.

A farmer should never allow his windows to be filled with red cloaks, tattered coats, and old hats; if he does, he will most assuredly acquire the reputation of a man who tarries long at the whiskey, leaving his wife and children to freeze or starve at home.

There are three things of which the man who aims at the character of a prosperous farmer will never be regardless—manure, tillage and seed; and there are three things of which he will never be too liberal—promises, time, and credit. W. G. G. Amessee Farmer.

Sir Samuel Whalley, in the House of Commons, in alluding to the threatened dissolution of Parliament, quoted the words of the Lord Keeper to Charles I. "Your majesty may dissolve it, but another swarm will come out of the same hive."

William IVth's cavalcade did not proceed to the House of Lords for the opening speech from the throne without his majesty being "pretty considerably" hissed and growled at by his "leige subjects," which he noticed only by a haughty silence, while he bowed as graciously to the few feeble voices that cried "Long live King William!" The ladies wore in crowds in the Lord's chamber; and the peers in robes and the bishops in laws.

GREEK FIRE. Constantinople was indebted for her preservation to a new and fortunate discovery which chemistry accidentally opened to the Greeks at a time when there was neither courage, patriotism, nor talent in either commander or men sufficient to resist so formidable an enemy. An inhabitant of Heliopolis, (there were two towns of that name, one in Syria, the other in Egypt,) named Callinicus, discovered a composition of naphtha, or oil of bitumen, pitch and sulphur, which, when set on fire, could not be extinguished by water; which adhered to wood with destructive activity, and consumed with equal facility a single ship or a whole fleet; and which, when thrown on the combatants, insinuated itself between the joints of their armor and destroyed them by a death of torture. Callinicus, a subject of the Khaliph, but a Christian, brought his secret to Constantinople and used it in defence of Christendom. This secret was preserved till the middle of the fourteenth century, when it was succeeded by the still more tremendous invention of gunpowder. Its qualities are very imperfectly known to us. The Greeks called it "liquid, or marine fire." The proofs of the vessels and the ramparts of the towers, were furnished with tubes by means of which this blazing oil was thrown to a large distance; a piston projected it with great velocity into the air, as soon as it came in contact with which it became ignited by some process unknown to us; the devoted victims saw it approaching in the form of a fiery serpent, till at last it fell in a burning shower on vessels and men. An hour's fight would cover the sea with this flaming oil, and give it the appearance of a sheet of fire. The Saracen fleets were repeatedly destroyed by it, and their most valiant warriors, whom the near aspect of death had never daunted, recoiled from the terrors and tortures of this liquid, which crept beneath their armor and clung to every limb.—*Lardner's Cyclopaedia.*

AN AMERICAN SHIP.—I well remember the impression made on my mind by the first article of American manufacture I met with. It was at Havre, in France, the first time in my life that I had ever beheld the ocean, a few days before I was obliged to cross it. I was walking along the quay with a French gentleman, and as among the crowd of vessels before us there were but few that boasted their national colors, I requested my companion to point out to me one of the American ships. He told me that I might, without any one to tell me, know any American vessel in the port from any other by the perfect neatness and order in every part of it. The ship in which I embarked for the United States—the same that a short time before had carried to those shores the faithful friend of this country, the immortal Lafayette—that ship was the first article of American manufacture that met my delighted eyes. The whole of my voyage confirmed my first impression. Insignificant as it may be in itself, we knew that personal experience, as it brings home to us the reality of things that we only knew before from hearsay or from books, helps us greatly to form a just estimate of the most complicated, comprehensive, and important objects. When I saw, during a heavy sea, the whole crew, like the trained members of one athletic man, obey without confusion or delay the orders of the mind: when I saw the sailors at the word of command, climbing and clinging to the further ends of the yards to lash the sails, singly and calmly intent upon their task, and as unimpaired of the cold December bath into which every roll of the ship plunged them as if they were playing sea-saw in the shipyard; when I saw this perfect management of one well manned and well commanded American vessel, I found in it a natural solution of the wonderful growth of this country. And when I approached the noble harbor of New York, with its forest of masts, I entered more deeply into the spirit and destiny of this land of promise, that in time of peace throws forth its merchant vessels like bread upon the water, for a plentiful harvest; while in time of war, like the Athenians of old, it seeks and finds salvation in its "wooden walls."—*Dr. Folien.*

The Salem Gazette gives the following hit at a set of flounders with which the town is troubled:—
Comfort at the Corner.—"I say, Bob, where were you last night?" "Oh, in the old place, on the corner." "How long did you stay?" "From seven till nine—glorious fun—Jem looked the gals out of countenance, and then I look'd 'em in again. Bill and I wrestled on the side-walk. Harry and Joe and Buster formed a line across the side-walk, and turn'd all the white headed fogues out into the gutter. If that weren't prime sport, then I don't know. We're goin' agin to-morrow night, and the night after, and Sunday night, we're going to meet an hour sooner; and if every body that goes by, don't know we're there, then there arn't no blackguards in Salem."

The Stoics of the Woods, The men without a Tear.—"The Indians that I have had an opportunity of seeing in real life are quite different from those described in poetry. They are by no means the stoics that they are represented—taciturn, unbending, without a tear or smile. Taciturn, they are, it is true, when in company with white men, whose good will they distrust, and whose language they do not understand; but the white man is equally taciturn in like circumstances. When the Indians are among themselves, however, there cannot be greater gossips. Half their time is taken up in talking over their adventures in war and hunting, and in telling whimsical stories. They are great mimics and buffoons also; and entertain themselves excessively at the expense of the Whites

with whom they have associated, and who have supposed them impressed with profound respect for their grandeur and dignity. They are curious observers, noting every thing in silence, but with a keen and watching eye, occasionally exchanging a glance or a grunt with each other, when any thing particularly strikes them, but reserving all comments until they are alone. Then it is that they give full scope to criticism, satire, mimicry, and mirth. In the course of my journey along the frontier I have had repeated opportunities of noticing their excitability and boisterous merriment at their games; and have occasionally noticed a group of Osages sitting round a fire, until a late hour of the night, engaged in the most animated and lively conversation, and at times making the woods resound with peals of laughter. As far as I can judge, the Indian of poetical fiction is like the shepherd of pastoral romance—a mere personification of imaginary attributes.—*Washington Irving.*

Taste is Taste.—The *Alexander's Gazette* says, "we hold it utterly impossible that the people of any place where so many crabs, oysters, and turtles are consumed, as in St. Mary's, can be either 'puny, pale faced, or short-lived.' As for ague and fever, and bilious fivers—call a spade a spade, but don't call such things sickness! They, in the low country, know better."

The use of a dead wife.—A German journal contains the following paragraph:—"The wife of a laboring man, in the neighborhood of Stockholm, died some time ago, and the husband made the necessary preparations for the interment. He however, deposited a block of wood in the coffin, instead of the corpse, which he conveyed during the night, into a forest, that it might serve as a bait for wild beasts. By this expedient he succeeded in catching a wolf and two foxes. On the circumstance being made known, the man was arrested and carried before a court of justice; but far from being intimidated, he claimed the reward offered for destroying mischievous animals."

Mollymawks.—There are in the Arctic seas a kind of gull, called Mollymawks, which annoy the whalers very much when they are taking the blubber from the whales, by attempting to steal it. By way of amusement, the jolly tars sometimes tie two little pieces of blubber to the ends of a string, and throw them into the water. Two birds will presently swallow them, and then rise in the air, pulling and hauling at each end of the line, to get the bait out of each other's throats. Sometimes they will fight in this way half an hour, each of them swallowing his end of the string twenty times, only to have it pulled up again.

INDIA RUBBER BOAT. We have had the pleasure of examining this ingenious production, soon after its return from a most fortunate routing expedition to Martin's Vineyard. The boat was invented by Mr. Caleb Williams Jr. of this city, and was manufactured at the India Rubber Factory on Eddy's point. It is constructed very much upon the plan of Burden's steamboat, with two inflated cylinders of India Rubber cloth, connected upon the top by five or six beams of light portable plank which supports a deck of boards, which may be procured at almost any place where the boat is to be used. The whole apparatus weighs about 20 pounds. The cylinders may both be inflated in from five to ten minutes, and when the air is discharged may be folded into a valise. The rest of the apparatus may be conveniently carried in the bottom of a wagon or chaise. In addition to the whole is a seat, upon which the angler may sit and hold dominion over the finny race. This boat will sustain at least one ton's weight, and of course, by enlarging the deck, would accommodate quite a party. The elasticity of the cylinders has been proved to be a protection against their being punctured by snags or rocks. We understand the ingenious contriver has applied for a patent for his invention.—*Prov. Jour.*

The weather.—A gentleman riding over Salisbury Plain when it rained very hard, set up a gallop, and met with a traveller, whose horse was standing still. Somewhat surprised at the sight, he asked the reason of it. "Zounds!" said the other, "who the d—l, but a fool, would ride in all this wet?"

A bold fellow.—Frederick the Great, after a very terrible engagement, asked his officers, who behaved the most intrepidly during the contest? The preference was unanimously given to himself. "You are all mistaken," replied the King, "the boldest fellow was a squire, whom I passed twenty times during the engagement, and he did not cease or vary a note the whole time."

A Funny Man. Fun is to me what ale was to Boniface. I slept upon fun—I drink for fun—I live upon fun; hence my dear funny friends just suit me; they do nothing but laugh; they laugh with one when present, and at one when absent—but to me that is the fun. I admit myself fond of practical joking—I don't mean in one's own particular circle—there it is dangerous; people are not always in the same humor; what they think uncommonly good fun to-day, they will seriously resent as an insult to-morrow. There's no judging with certainty a man's temper of mind, and it is not easy to ascertain how much melted butter a gentleman would like to have poured into his coat pocket without kicking; I avoid that sort of things; but on the great scale, I confess my addition. Coming here yesterday evening, I stopped the

chaise at the corner of Engham, in order to turn the figure post at the corner, half round; sent all the people bound for London to Chertsey, all the people destined for Windsor, to London—that's my way. I've whipped off every knocker in Sloan street three nights running, a hundred and ninety-four, exclusive of shops; and if ever the project of lighting London with smoke, should be brought to bear, I flatter myself you will hear of my darkening the whole parish of Pancras, by grinding a gimblet through a gas pipe! These frolics cost something occasionally, but what of that?—Every man has his pursuits—I have mine.

[Theodore Hook.]
The whigs are congratulating and consoling themselves in the hope of division in the Democratic ranks by the nomination of Judge White for the Presidency. But is not the harmony of their line likely to be disturbed by the same nomination? Duff Green, a most furious blustering Whig, has already announced his determination of awarding his dangerous support, and the whigs will learn too late, that the Telegraph has played upon their credulity with false signals. The baleful influence of Noah's Evening Star, is already being shed upon the Judge, instead of directing according to expectations, its jack o'lantern light to lead Mr. Webster from the bog of Federalism.—The whigs always boast loudest upon their most unpopular men, expecting by this means to mislead the honest and intelligent of their own party. They learn no good from defeat and sad experience.

GENTLEMEN'S VADE MECUM, OR THE SPORTING & DRAMATIC COPMANION.

ON the third of January, 1835, was commenced in Philadelphia, a new periodical bearing the above comprehensive title. Its contents will be carefully adapted to the wants of that portion of the public who patronize Dramatic Literature, the Turf, Sporting and the Fashions. From the growing wealth and increasing population of the United States, and the consequent extension of the national appetite with whatever promotes the rational Recreations of Life, it is presumed that this Journal—possessing, as the protectors of it will, ample means to diversify its pages, and a determination to render them subservient to the formation of a correct taste in all matters relating to its design—cannot fail to meet with a liberal and creditable support from an enlightened community in every quarter of the country. The difficulty of sketching out such a plan as might be so carefully attended with any of the charms of novelty to ensure popularity & encouragement, has been not the least embarrassing obstacle which the projectors of this work had to surmount in its inception. Feeling confident, however, that its success is certain, when its character becomes properly known, they have already incurred considerable expense in forming correspondents over the Union; and have also ordered regular supplies of the best selected English periodicals to assist in procuring materials for its columns.

It is not altogether feasible, when a new publication is contemplated, to present to the public the most attractive and complete. It is necessary, nevertheless, that its principal features should be drawn out, as it is by them that its merits, if it has any, shall be judged. This is the more readily accomplished, the more the publisher being acquainted that whatever industry and a watchful zeal can effect in completing the filling up, will be done, and that they never will be found deficient or negligent in the prosecution of this enterprise, to produce a beneficial and profitable result to themselves and to others.

THE DRAMA.—Will form a material portion of the *Gentlemen's Vaude Mecum*. It is intended to publish alternately, every week, an entire play and farce—to be selected with a single eye to their merits alone; a preference, however, will be extended, in all cases, to native productions, when they can be obtained. Independent criticisms, carefully excluding all invidious comparisons, and recommended by their brevity, will be regularly inserted. Besides *Revue Dramatique*, *Anecdotes*, and *Don Quixote*, prominent Comedians of the present and past ages, of which a rare and inexhaustible compilation is in store.

THE TURF.—A faithful record will be kept of all the interesting matches, and the most celebrated jockeys and horses, and the correct portraits of celebrated thorough-bred Horses will be published once a month. Every fact relative to the breeding, management, keeping, and the diseases of this invaluable animal, will be particularly selected.

SPORTING.—Under this caption, will be enumerated accounts of Shooting Matches, Pedestrian Feats, Gymnastic Exercises, Aquatic Excursions, Fishing, Gaming, &c. with Anecdotes of noted Dogs.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.—A quarterly review will be presented, explanatory of the various improvements and changes which costumes worn in the fashionable circles constantly undergo; by which it will be rendered an easy task for drapers and tailors at a distance, to assist their customers with the most approved colours and modern style of dress, at the earliest possible periods. Providing sufficient encouragement shall be given by this portion of the public, a full-length engraving, illustrative of the same, will also be prepared and published.

MISCELLANY.—Although the purposes of our sheet may appear to be confined to the four leading subjects already mentioned, we deem it proper to say, that there will be, in addition to these, a considerable amount allowed for Miscellaneous matters—such as Tales—Poetry—an Epitome of News—List of Hotels in this city, and Places of Amusement—Statistics—the Grain Market—Agriculture—Prices of Stocks—List of Broken Banks—Counterfeit Note Detector—also, the American Star, consisting of a great variety of Popular Arts, set to Music—and all other matters, regarding which an interest may be supposed to exist at home or abroad.

This work, then, as will be seen by the above explanation of its probable character, is particularly designed as a companion for the patrons of the Turf, the Dramas, Sporting, Fashions, &c. &c. It will prove, also, as all its publication of facts will be authentic, a ready repository of reference for Travelling Gentlemen, and should consequently be kept in every hotel in the United States. It is worthy of notice, that its patrons, in the course of one year, will be furnished with fifty two popular Plays and Farces—the price of which separately at any of our bookstores, would be at least Thirteen Dollars! Here there is an absolute saving of ten dollars in the purchase of a well stored Dramatic Library—(to be had for an unprecedented small sum)—not taking into consideration the multiplied variety which is to accompany it, without additional charge! Tailors who desire to procure early and correct information of the changes in Dress will find this an invaluable guide.

The *GENTLEMEN'S VADE MECUM* will be published every Saturday, on every Saturday, of the last great class, at three dollars per annum, payable in advance. By enclosing a five dollar note to the publishers, postage paid, two copies of the paper will be forwarded to any direction ordered, for one year. It is respectfully requested that those who desire to subscribe for this Journal will forward their names immediately to the terms will be strictly adhered to.

Address SMITH & ALEXANDER, Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia. Specimen numbers may be had on application at the office. Public patronage respectfully solicited.

Country editors, who insert the above advertisement three or four times, will be entitled to an exchange

Books for \$1.25.

THE thirteen numbers of *Waldie's Select Circulating Library*, now issued for the year 1835, contain the following valuable and entertaining Books, for the very small sum of \$1.25, with the additional advantage of being received in all parts of the Union by mail, at newspaper postage.

1. The Adventure of Japhet in Search of a Father, by the author of Peter Simple, &c.
2. Jennings' Landscape Annual for 1835; the Fall of Granada, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq.
3. Letters and Essays in prose and verse, by Richard Sharp.
4. Barring Out, from the Life of a Sub-editor.
5. Jephtha the Student of Padua.
6. The Fashionable Wife and Unfashionable Husband, by Mrs. Opie.
7. Traditions of the American War of Independence.
8. Travels into Bokhara, and a Voyage on the Indus, by Lieutenant Burnes.
9. The Siege of Vienna, an historical romance by Madame Niehler.
10. Travelling Troubles.
11. My Cousin Nicholas, a humorous tale, from Blackwood's Magazine.

Of the above works there is preparing, or prepared for publication by the booksellers, Japhet, Sharp's Letters and Essays, Burnes's Travels, the Siege of Vienna, and My Cousin Nicholas; these alone will cost purchasers more than a whole year's subscription to the *Circulating Library*, to consist of 54 numbers including two supplements, and in addition to this, the *Journal of Belles Lettres*, printed on the cover of the Library, contains, weekly, one fourth as much matter as the Library itself, thus forming the cheapest publication of even this cheap era of periodicals.

Waldie's Select Circulating Library having been long established in the good opinion of the public, and sustained as it is by an unprecedented amount of patronage, no fear on the part of the subscribers can now be entertained that the publisher will not comply with his part of the engagement.

Subscriptions to the Library \$5 00 in advance, or in clubs of five, \$1 00 each.

Waldie's Port Folio and Companion to the Select Circulating Library, commenced on the first of January, 1835, being a reprint of the best articles in the English Magazine, combined with original matter, is supplied to clubs of five, at \$2 00 each, or to individual subscribers who take the Library, at \$2 50.

The Museum of Foreign Literature, Science, and Art, at \$2 00, or in clubs, at \$2 50, published at the same office.

207 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Farms For Sale.

On the *Androsoggin River*, two miles from *Rumford Corner*.
ONE farm of one hundred and twenty acres of Intervale with out-lands, or fifty acres of Intervale with out-lands and buildings, as may best suit the purchaser, may be had on favorable terms. Persons wishing to purchase will call on CUSHMAN & KIMBALL, Rumford Point, February 23, 1835.

SIR HENRY.

THIS valuable and noble *STUD HORSE* will stand on Paris Hill on Thursday, and the remainder of the time at the Stable of Anthony Bennett in Norway. The farmers of Oxford County have now a favorable opportunity of improving their breed of Horses, by a tri-umphant capture; his stock proves a tough, hardy race, uniting both power, fleetness and elegance.

Terms—\$3, the leap—\$4, the season—\$5, to warrant a foal.

BENNETT & NOBBS.

Revolutionary Soldiers.

THE subscriber will act as Agent for those persons or their widows, in the Massachusetts line, who enlisted for three years or during the war, and who served three years, claiming the benefits of the Resolve of the Legislature of the State of Maine, passed March 17, 1835, which entitles them to two hundred acres of Land each—in preparing their declarations and evidence, and procuring their deeds and certificates from the Land Agent.

Paris, March 31, 1835. THOMAS CLARK, cow 31 33

State of Maine.

TREASURER'S OFFICE,
PARIS, APRIL 21, 1835.
NOTICE is hereby given, that at a Meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the last Tuesday of October, A. D. 1832, the said County Commissioners, on the petition of Joseph Stevens and others, assessed a tax of one and a half cent per acre on thirty-two thousand five hundred acres of land lying and being in an unincorporated place called *Bachelder's Grant*, (now Stoneham,) in said county, amounting in the whole, to the sum of five hundred sixty-two dollars and fifty cents, for the purpose of opening and making passable, safe and convenient, that part of a road or public highway leading through said *Bachelder's Grant*, located and established on the petition of said Joseph Stevens and others in the year 1832, which tax remains unpaid in part to wit: the sum of one hundred fifty-eight dollars and twenty-three cents. A number of the proprietors thereof having severally paid their proportion of said tax, as by a schedule of names and sums will appear in the Treasurer's Office.

The proprietors and owners of said land in said *Bachelder's Grant* on which said tax remains unpaid, are hereby requested to pay their respective proportions of said tax to ALANSON MELLE, Treasurer of said County of Oxford, or to his successor in said Office, within six months from the date hereof. And unless said remaining part of said tax is paid within that time, so much of said land on which said tax remains unpaid as will pay the balance due said tax and all necessary incidental charges, will be sold at Public Vendue at the Court House in said Paris, on the twenty-second day of October next at ten of the clock in the forenoon.

ALANSON MELLE, Treasurer of said County of Oxford.

Oxford County Taxes.

TREASURER'S OFFICE,
PARIS, APRIL 21, 1835.
NOTICE is hereby given, that the following taxes have been assessed, by order of the Court of County Commissioners for the said county for the years 1832, 1833, and 1834, on the following townships or tracts of land situated in said County, not taxable by the Assessors of any Town or Plantation, for the purpose of defraying the necessary expense of said county, and remain unpaid, as follows, viz:—

Township	No. 4, Range 32 tax for 1834	1835
No. 5, Range 4th	1834	250
No. 5, Range 8th	1832	628
do do	1833	957
No. 5, Range 1st	1834	433
South half of township No. 1, Range 4th	1834	130
do do	1834	236
North half of do No. 1, Range 4th	1834	123
North half of do No. 2, Range 4th	1834	123
Township Letter B.	1834	614
do do	1834	212
Part of Township No. 6	1834	115
Seven twelfths of Township No. 1	1832	120
do do do	1833	270
do do do	1834	360
do do do	1834	1,331
Surplus of Letter C.	1834	963
<i>Bachelder's Grant</i> (now Stoneham)	1834	563
<i>Chandler's Gore</i> (now annexed to the town of Livermore)	1832	57
do do	1833	55
do do	1834	115

And that, unless said taxes and all necessary incidental charges are paid to the subscriber or his successor in said Office within six months from the date hereof, warrants will be issued to the Sheriff of said County of Oxford, requiring him to collect the same, according to the directions of the law in such cases made and provided.

ALANSON MELLE, Treasurer of said County of Oxford.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

It is hereby notified to the proprietors of the lands hereafter mentioned in the town of Carthage, that the same are taxed in bills committed for collection to the undersigned Collector of said Carthage for the year 1834 in the respective sums following, viz:

Name of Owner	No. Range	Value	Debit
Wm. Bowley, 1-2 of John S. Barry,	2 8	81	1,62
North M. Smith,	10 6	50	2,40
North half unknown,	1 8	85	1,70
Unknown,	2 6	40	80
do,	2 10	70	1,40
do,	3 11	70	1,40
do, part of Store and House,	7 11	40	80
do,	7 14	100	2,00
do,	0 5	60	1,20
do,	7 1	45	90
School House Tax,	2 10	1,15	
do,	2 15	1,61	

The said Collector will proceed to sell according to law, at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, at the Store of Gideon Powers, Jr. in said Carthage, at ten of the clock A. M. on Monday the tenth day of September next, so much of said lands as shall be sufficient to discharge said taxes and the necessary intervening charges; if any person shall appear on or before that day to discharge said taxes and charges.

Dated at said Carthage the 7th day of April, 1835.

JONATHAN MORSE, Collector of Carthage.

SIX MONTHS IN A CONVENT.

RUSSELL, ODIORNE & Co., have in press, and will publish in a few days, a new work with the above title, being the Narrative of Miss REBECCA THERESA REED, who was under the influence of the Roman Catholics about two years, and an inmate of the Convent, on Mount Benedict, Charlestown, nearly six months, in 1831-2.

The book furnishes a concise history of the rules and regulations, the employments and ceremonies of the Ursuline order; and as it is the first account ever given in this country of a similar institution, the writer has confined herself strictly to a narration of facts that transpired under her own eye, and that were noted down soon after her escape.

It will make a volume of 200 pages, 18mo, finished and bound in the neatest manner.

Boston, March 3, 1835. SS

Assessor's Notice.

THE Assessors of the town of Paris hereby give notice to the inhabitants and all other persons liable to be taxed in said town, that they will be in session at their room over the Store of Moses Hammond, on the first and second days of May next, to receive a true and perfect list conformable to law, of their polls and all their estates both real and personal, including proprietary estates and estate in trust, which they respectively own or may be possessed of on the first day of May, 1835.

The Assessors also give notice that no one has a right to claim any abatement except those who hand in their lists under oath. Therefore those persons who have heretofore considered themselves over-taxed are particularly requested to take notice and hand in their lists according to law, that their taxes may be rightly apportioned, and the Assessors saved the unpleasant duty of dooming their estates.

All real estate which has changed hands is liable to be taxed as it was in the last assessment unless reasonable notice is given to the Assessors.

ALFRED ANDREWS, Assessors
MOSES HAMMOND, of
CYPRIAN STEVENS, Paris.
April 21, 1835.

DUMFRIES' Itch Ointment!

THE extensive sale and established reputation of Dumfries' Itch Ointment, encourages the proprietor to recommend it with renewed confidence to the public as a most innocent as well as powerful application for this annoying disease. The most inveterate cases have been cured in one hour by this esteemed Ointment. It contains no Mercury, or other noxious ingredient, and may be confidently applied even to the youngest children, or pregnant females.

Price, 37 1-2 cents.

DR. RELFE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS.
For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Liveliness, Headache, Costiveness, Flatulence, Cholera, Bilious Affections, &c.

TO comment on the efficacy of these Pills, after a successful experience of many years in England and America has established their reputation is needless. Suffice it to observe, that for redundancy of Bile, Flatulence, Costiveness, Headache, &c. &c. they will undoubtedly prove far more serviceable than those drastic purges too frequently employed, and will not only at the same time tend to remove the offending cause by gentle motions, and strengthen the digestive organs, but improve the appetite and renovate the system. Price 50 cents.

DR. RELFE'S VEGETABLE SPECIFIC.
For Sick Headach, &c. Price 60 cents.

*None genuine, unless signed on the outside printed wrapper by the sole Proprietor T. KIDDER, successor to the late Dr. Conway. For sale, with all the other "Conway Medicines," at his Counting Room, No. 91, next door to J. Kidder's Drug Store corner of Court and Hanover Streets, near Concert Hall, Boston—and also, by his special appointment, by SMITH & BENNETT, Norway-Village, who have also for sale all the justly celebrated medicines prepared by him.

Large discount to those who buy to sell again. [No. 2.]

House of Lords for the opening speech on the throne without his majesty being "very considerably" hissed and growled at by "his subjects," which he noticed only by a haughty silence, while he bowed as gracious to the few feeble voices that cried "Long live King William!" The ladies were in the Lords in the Lord's chamber; and the peers in robes and the bishops in lawn.

From the New England Galaxy.
HEADS AND POINTS—No 111.

Robin's alive and alive like to be,
If he dies in your hand, you shall saddle-backed be.
Who the plague is that old fellow there—do
you know him?

That man there by the desk, with a broad
brimmed hat on?
Yes—confound him and his stories too!—
He's eternally meddlin' and makin' yath what's
none of his business—

Maybe he's a writer in the New England
Galaxy—

I shouldn't wonder if it was the Senior Ed-
itor himself; or one of his spies—but he'd bet-
ter look out, or he'll catch it by him by—'an' if
he doozee, he'll think a boss kickeer him—
There he goes agin—hark!

Ahah—ugh!—ahah!—said the queer looking
colder they referred to—a middle-aged, round
shouldered man, with a hat flapped over his
eyes—Maybe you never heered tell o' the Spec-
our Jerry made?—And without waiting for an
answer, on he went, in a loud, husky and pec-
uliar voice, which attracted every body's at-
tention—and drew a crowd of listeners about
him, as he sat looking into the fire, and holding
forth as if talking to himself. Why, Jerry, y-
see—he'd gut a dog! he wouldn't take nothin'
for, and bein' pretty much of a town charge,
his wife wanted him to sell out. So one day
he went to Portsmouth, where he want much
acquainted, an' tried to get rid of his dog—well,
when he come home, the dog follered him, and
what he'd sold him for, he'd got in his pocket
—only there was a bit o' rope round the dog's
neck, apparently gnawed off!

A general laugh, and a closer crowding to-
gether about the flapped hat.

And if I was a gwyting to guess, continued
he—our Jerry got a putty good livin' for most
a twelvemonth out of old Watch—his name was
Watch—but it's always ben my private opinion
that most o' the buyers 'll come out o' the lee-
tle end o' the horse—hey?

With a snap, as if somebody had trod on his
toe.

Bow—wow—wow! growled one of the by-
standers, withdrawing toward another part
of the room, and grinding his teeth together under
pretence of a smothered laughter.

My!—continued the speaker, without lift-
ing his head, or even following the other with
his eyes—that sounded a little like Watch's
voice!

A general hurra followed this remark, and
all eyes were upon the other, who could hardly
swallow the bitterness that seemed rising in his
throat.

I say Joe!—what does he mean, hey?

Ask him.

I'll be hanged if I do—but he means somthin'
you may depend; I say I do you know
sir—turning toward an old quaker, who sat
with his boots off, nodding over a newspaper,
and toasting his feet by the fire. On hearing
the question, he smiled, cast a significant eye
at the flapped hat, and answered—Why? Has
there any particular reason for askin'?

No sir—

Then—that is to say if there's neither buyin'
nor sellin'—with a sharp searching eye, and a
questioning inflection of the voice. I'm rather in-
clined to think, he means to say that some o'
the bonds that are now sellin', will be likely
to find their way back agin to the first owners—
putty much as it was with the dog.

How so, pray? said another person, stepping
up with an anxious, hurried air—he had been
overhearing the conversation, while pretending
to whistle in the opposite corner—

How so, Joseph—I'll tell thee; and I hope
it may do thee good, Joseph. Most o' them
are bonds are what's called penal bonds; there
aint many on em over ten thousand dollars pen-
alty, and some on em have been sold to my
sartin knowledge for over one hundred thou-
sand dollars—an, by'm by, may be, when set-
tin day comes, the obligor may find it a little
more convenient to forfeit the penalty, and pay
ten thousand dollars, than to convey land worth
a hundred thousand.

Ugh!—ah—am!—ugh!—interrupted the first
speaker, with the flapped hat. Hundred thou-
sand dollars, hey!—hadn't quite finished the
story about that dog—

Another general muster followed this intima-
tion; and the bargaining, which had raged like
noises on change for half an hour died away—
all the voices dropping off one by one; and all
the buyers and sellers putting on a look of in-
difference.

Wal! arter a while, continued he—arter a
while, nobody wouldn't have nothing to say to
Jerry nor Watch nyther, and so the overseers
tried to persuade him to sell right out, and
done with it, an so Jerry, he concluded it was
best to sell, and so called the dog, and went
away, and was gone a whole week to Boston.

And when he got back there was a meetin' o'
the se—lect men, to hear what he had to say
for himself. And they asked him if he had sold
the dog. And says he—no! And says they
why not? And says he, cause I couldn't get
enough for him—dogs is plaguy skase now, I tell
you, says Jerry, says he. Did ye get any of-
fer says they? On yes—plenty on em—one
man offered me a hundred dollars for Watch—

A hundred dollars! what!—hey—asked neigh-
bor Ichabod Sweet—lookin as if he'd jump
through the window—he was cheerman, and a
poety forehand man, I tell ye—An why didn't
ye take it, ye pesky fool you!

Cause I didn't like the pay, says Jerry.

And what was the pay? says uncle Paltali,
says he—lookin as if he'd break his pipe every
moment.

Why, says Jerry, says he—in two puppies at
fifty dollars apiece.

Another dispersion instantly followed! You'd

have thought a shell had fallen through the roof
among them—some went one way and some
another—a part complaining of old stories, and
a part trying to carry on the rest of the negotia-
tions in a whisper; which whisper grew louder
and louder, the nearer they came to a
clinch.

Nobody appeared to enjoy this more than the
old quaker; and yet, you could only perceive
it by the wrinkle of his clear grey eyes, inten-
tly fixed upon the asies. The bidding and
buying went on, however, and just as one cap-
ital bargain was about being closed, out broke
the stranger in the flapped hat, with—

Robin's alive! an' alive like to be!—ee—ee!

Am—ah—ugh—ugh—with a noise
like a psalm tune through a Virginia stage
coachman's everlasting tin trumpet.

Curse that fellow, there's no doing any thing
here, said a man they called Major—let's speak
to the landlord, and have a room to ourselves,
or pack him off to bed with a flea in his ear.

The bar-keeper, who overheard this, began
to look frightened—he leaned over the bar, and
beckoning the Major, whispered that every
room was full, and that they had better not
meddle with the stranger, if they knew what
was good for themselves.

But the Major was not to be intimidated; so,
drawing a chair up alongside o' the flapped hat
as they called him, and looking him straight
in the face, he asked him what the hell he meant
by making such a noise in the society of gen-
tlemen.

Oh, its only a way I've got, when I'm among
gentlemen—'an' don't feel well.

Here the bar-keeper made a sign to a by-
stander, who instantly sidled up to the Major,
and touched him on the shoulder, without being
perceived by flapped-hat.

Wal, frind, I'll tell you what 'tis, added the
Major, as he turned to go away—for my part,
I'd as livers be in the bottomless pit o' hell, as
where anybody's allowed to make such a noise
as that, without payin' for't.

Why, that's putty much as a man's brought
up, said the other.

Haw, haw, haw,—he, he, he,—hoo, hoo,
hoo! shouted the old quaker, the by-standers.
I told ye to look out for your fingers, whis-
pered the bar-keeper; you baint found him put
yet—altogether.

Why, t ere's some folks, added flapped-hat,
eying the Major, as I shouldn't like to be eyed,
some folks that can steal the bait, without
springin' the trap—hey?

Jess so.

Being curious to know more of this imper-
turable man, I drew a chair and began a con-
versation with him. At first he held himself
rather aloof; eyeing me narrowly, and answer-
ing only with grunts, ughs! and monosyllables;
but after ascertaining that I neither wanted to
buy nor sell, he began to talk more freely and
after a fashion that surprised me; breaking out
occasionally however, and as it appeared to
me, at the most critical moment, when the dis-
cussion grew most insupportable, with

Robin's alive! an' alive like to be!—ee!—ee!

in a voice that you might have heard all over
the house; and yet nobody, not even the land-
lord, a very quiet, orderly sort of a personage
in his way, seemed willing to interfere.

Young man, said he—my name is Fletcher.

I took the hint, and told him who I was—

They call me flapped-hat. Never mind—
I know what I'm about; and may be they'll
believe me, afore we've settled the hash.

So I should think, said I. But are you not
a little too hard upon these gentry? Some of
them are honest, I should hope.

Hope, hey—so should I—um ugh!—some
are honest I know—the more fools they!

And a good many are pious, to my certain
knowledge.

I dare say so!—and a good many more under
a consarn—hey? If they aint now, they soon
will be—or I miss my guess—there goes a man
by the door now, that's been on the anxious
seat above a year; pointing to a respectable
middle-aged man, who had lost flesh visibly,
day by day, since he ventured in the same boat.

An' he aint the only one—mark my words,
young man. Them that thinks they've got a
prize—will find when's too late, they've got
somethin else with it.

What, pray?

Consumption—or death!

I started—and looked at him with amaze-
ment, and so did many others—and forthwith
we all grew more circumspect in our behavior.
There was a great and almost instantaneous
change with him, not merely of look and bear-
ing, but of language; and from that moment I
determined to watch him yet more narrowly.

Yes!—continued he, rising from his chair
and walking forth into the middle of the room,
and casting aside all awkwardness, and speak-
ing as one having authority, and with so little
of his earlier manner, that I certainly should
not have known him—Yes frind—consumption
—or death! Loss of sleep—loss of appetite,
anxiety of mind, the want of habitual occu-
pation may lead to fatal results—They have al-
ready! My blood thrilled at the sound of his
voice—I never heard anything half so solemn or
impressive—It will be so again!

Young man! You are infatuated! You are
gamblers—every man of you. I care not
whether you are buyers or sellers, of the world's
people, or of the church—ye are gamblers!

But sir, said one of the company—you do
not mean to stigmatize all who are engaged in
this business, I hope, as gamblers—do you?

To be sure I do! What else are they?

That some are honest men—truly conscientious
men—honorable, high-minded, excellent men,
I do not deny—so much the worse for their
example. If they may go head-and-ears into
a speculation, risking hundreds for a chance of
thousands, what is to hinder the world's peo-
ple from going still deeper? How dare they
open their mouths against lotteries?

Why sir! you would put a stop to all busi-
ness; all risk, on this principle.

No sir—no such thing. I would only put a
stop to gambling on a large scale. What do
these men know of the lands they purchase?

What do they know of them? Why sir,
some of the first purchasers have explored
them personally, and by their agents—traversed
them in every possible direction.

And what then, sir?

Why sir—it is beyond a doubt, as you may
see by the Portland Courier, that however
much people may be deceived in the value of
other lands, timber lands have not reached any
thing like their value.

I deny it sir. Timber-lands are already a-
bove their value. Or if not, who is able to
prove they are not?

Why sir, I can tell you of numberless cases,
where individuals have cleared the original pur-
chase-money by their stumpage, before the first
payment was due, and got their lands clear,
with millions of timber—into the bargain.

Granted.

And you know that lumber has not been so
high for years; that it never was so high in
fact, as last winter, even in the lumber districts;
and it still keeps up.

Granted.

Here the young man stopped, drew a long
breath, and looked about him for encourage-
ment and applause; but though many were
ready to clap him on the back when he first
ventured to take up the cudgels, nobody inter-
fered now—all were looking another way.

Have you done, sir?

Yes.

Now sir, I care nothing about the facts you
mention. They do not affect the principle I
have in view. The high price of lumber, last
winter, depended chiefly upon accident, though
partly upon a sort of combination for monopoly.
The water was too low last year; but there is
on the way down to the mills, a three year's
stock of logs that have been accumulating in
the woods, winter after winter, and there are
I know not how many new saw-mills at work
in every part of the lumber-districts. You will
see lumber lower this very summer Down-East
than you ever knew it in your life. It must be
sold. It is in the hands of too many persons—
they are all speculators who want money, and
must have it. They cannot trust one another,
and they know it. And unless three or four
combine, and buy it all up—all the logs—all
the boards—all the mills, and all the water in
copartnership, it must come down. And it will
come down. Why—do you know sir, that your
market may be furnished with Georgia pine—
a much better article than our white-pine for a
multitude of purposes—for about the price of
ordinary lumber now? But the mischief lies
deeper. Your most experienced men are ut-
terly ignorant of the great governing principles
that regulate the price of timber-land, as of
every thing else, cotton, or tobacco, or molas-
ses, or cod-fish.

And what are they, sir?

That price, and therefore value, depends upon
the proportion between demand and supply;
in other words, to what is needed for average
consumption.

Well sir—we know that the demand is for
timber; and we know that it cannot be sup-
plied.

Just now—granted. But where is the man,
even among those who are best acquainted
with the subject, who can tell me what is the
annual growth of our timber lands—what has
been the average consumption for the last five-
teen years—what quantity is nearest and most
accessible to market, for that will regulate the
price of the rest for a long while—what it can
be afforded for upon the average—how many
holders there are, who have no confidence in
one another—who can afford to pay price for
money, to make almost any sacrifice for it—
and how many, who depend upon selling to
meet their own engagements: for after all, they
are the persons who will regulate the price.

How so—is there not an intrinsic value in
these lands?

No sir. There is no intrinsic value in any
thing not wanted—especially for him who can-
not afford to keep it for years, or ages. Val-
ue depends altogether upon public opinion—
whether right or wrong—altogether! strange as
the assertion may appear. Why, sir! I have
known British sovereigns to be offered in a
crowded thoroughfare of London, for 25 s.
apiece—warranted pure gold, fresh out of the
mint; and only six were sold, after an hour of
honest trial, four to a man who purchased them
as a matter of curiosity, because of their ex-
ceeding resemblance to good money—they
would serve as well as better for whist-count-
ers, or pocket-pieces, or make-believe for the
childhood to play with.

People took them up
out of the basket by handfuls, and stop and
let them run through their fingers, with a smile
as the seller kept bowling out, who buys! who
buys new sovereigns at half-a-crown apiece!
warranted pure gold—who buys!—fresh out
of the mint! who buys! This occurred on the

busiest part of London-Bridge, immediately
after the people of England were all beside
themselves with joint-stock associations and
the South-American mines. A change hap-
pened—a little inquiry—a few shirugs—follow-
ed by a general abatement of confidence—and
alariming disclosures one after another—every
body grew afraid of his neighbor, and shares
in the very coal-mines, and the foundries and
furnaces, the strength of the British Empire,
the very foundation of England's power, yea
in the very tin-mines of Cornwall, could not
be sold for any price. Now sir—you talk of
intrinsic value. By and by, there will be a change
in the value of these timber-lands—some-
body will have the good sense to proceed in a
very different way, for the purpose of deter-
mining the proportion of demand to supply.

That once determined, the question of value,
is settled forever! But let me state a case—
A man who has a note to pay, and must pay it,
or lose a share in the bond upon which he has
literally staked all his earthly hopes, goes to a
capitalist, and offers lands, worth if you please,
ten dollars an acre, for five dollars an acre; I
will even admit that he has persuaded the capi-
talist to acknowledge their value to be at least
ten dollars an acre. Well sir—will you take
them at five?

No, says the capitalist—I cannot afford to
take them at any price.

And why not? You acknowledge they are
worth ten?

Yes, worth a hundred if you like; but I dare
not buy on a falling market. If I give you five
dollars for what I know to be worth a hundred
—what do I gain by it, if it makes a price for
my neighbor to buy at 4.75 or 4.50? And that,
you are sufficiently acquainted with business
to know, must be the inevitable result.

Well sir—you know the lands; you have
explored them yourself perhaps—and you
know their value. What will you take them
at?

At no price you can mention. You cannot
offer them low enough. Until we know how
much are in the market, and how much are
wanted—they are of no value, except to him
who is thoroughly acquainted with what every
body is now ignorant of, the proportion the sup-
ply bears to the demand, for an average of
twenty or fifty years.

Till we know, with great exactness how
much lumber is wanted, and how much can be
furnished, one year with another for the next
dozen years, all these are but hap-hazard specu-
lations at the best. If 100 blids of tobacco
are wanted for the supply of a given market,
any man of business knows, however ignorant
he may be of the fundamental principles of po-
litical economy, that 90 blids would bring more
than 150. Hence in the first settlement of our
country, the planters of the south burnt their
tobacco—the French ploughed up their vine-
yards—the Dutch shut up spice-islands and the
English their plum-bago treasures! Let it
once be known therefore, or but suspected, that
more lumber can be furnished, than is wanted
for consumption—and from that moment, every
body is trying to be first in the market, and to
undersell his neighbor—no faith will be kept
even among partners. Every man for himself
and the devil take the hindmost! Just consid-
er. If I want to sell you a single acre—a sin-
gle house-lot of land that lies next door to you,
and with which you are perfectly acquainted,
you never think of purchasing, till you have
looked at it again and again—measured it—
and made sure of the title. And yet, you are
in common with all about you, are rushing head-
long into speculations, where whole townships
are at stake, without being acquainted with the
law, the lay of the land, or anything more than
you gather from hearsay. And what hearsay!

Think how you get your knowledge and where.
Always from persons interested in deceiving
you, even supposing them to be what they never
are, well-informed.

Having said this, he turned to me, and ad-
ded in a lower tone. Beware!—Some of these
bonds are in penalties! They are not worth
that! (snapping his fingers) over and above the
penalties mentioned. Many are sold—the
greater number, I dare say, by persons having
no interest in them, for a share of the spoil:
and on the remainder, nineteen-twentieths are
dependent upon the good faith, or life, or right
understanding of agents, or the pleasure of
principals. Death may interfere—chancery
may interfere. It has already, in one very
important case—agents may exceed their pow-
ers—a thousand accidents may happen to pre-
vent the final conveyance. All lands are sub-
ject in Maine to a process of private attach-
ment, which cannot be known till the sitting
of the next court. Even the Legislature, which
is eternally fluctuating from its very nature,
may destroy the value of a secure purchase or
folly. They have done so heretofore. And if
this does not satisfy you—enquire for yourself
—go among those who have been the deepest
in this business, and you will find the shrewd-
est of the whole withdrawing—they are so in
this immediate neighborhood to my knowledge.

They no longer buy—they sell when they get
an offer worth having; and they keep as little
as they can; cautiously investing the money
they have made in less profitable, and there-
fore less dangerous adventures. Look about
you—if a number of those who have so real-
ized, as they believe, their twenty, their fifty,
their hundred, may their hundred and fifty
thousand dollars apiece in Portland, will stop
where they are, and invest their money in
buildings, or store and other improvements, the
rail-road to Quebec, and such things, they will
benefit themselves, their children's children, to
say nothing of the neighborhood; and come
out richer in the long run. It depends upon
them, whether Portland shall be a city of twen-

ty-five thousand inhabitants, a celebrated wa-
tering-place, lying on the best possible route to
Quebec, with handsome public buildings, a
most valuable trade with Canada, and a neigh-
borhood of extraordinary beauty and richness
within twelve or fifteen years, or not. Among
them they have made at least one million of
dollars—perhaps double or treble that sum—
and what can they do with it? Bad as their
example is—gamblers though they are, every
man of them—for what is a gambler, but one
who ventures ignorantly, hit or miss—and till
these men know what they do not, and cannot
know, it is always hit or miss with the best of
them—they are venturing unadvisedly—ignor-
antly—Bad as their example is their very specu-
lations may be of prodigious benefit to Port-
land. Do you know how to play a flute? said
some one to Themistocles. No, was the re-
ply. But I know how to make a large city of
a small one. So do we. Small places are but
the nurseries of large ones. The growth of
cities every where is in a geometrical ratio—
Till they reach a certain magnitude, their
wealthiest and ablest men are attracted away
—their capital absorbed—and their talents—
by the nearest larger and more thriving place.
But after a while, they not only keep all they
have, but attract to themselves all the stray cap-
ital and talent of neighboring and smaller places.
Now the natural increase of Portland
has been such for the last thirty years, that we
may calculate on a population of rising twenty
thousand by the end of the next fifteen years
—it nothing worse happens than has happened
already—even without the help of the improve-
ments referred to—with them, we may be
anything we please here.

The land speculations to the contrary not-
withstanding, buy?

Yes—and nothing worse can well happen.
There must be a great deal of solid wealth here.
The West-Indian trade gone—the timber-trade
gone—no back-country, as every body persists
in saying, if not believing, in the very teeth of
the most conclusive evidence—the freighting-
business not worth following—what are we to
do?

So I say—what are we to do?

Do!—why go to manufacturing—digging—
opening rail-roads and canals.

Where is our capital?

Our capital?—why look ye! During the
pressure last year, a pressure which would have
destroyed Portland fifteen years ago, how many
failures were there here—only two or three
worth mentioning, and all these have got ago-
ing again! There's capital for you! and the
evidence of a healthy and natural growth.

On the whole, therefore, you are as willing
as another, that Portland should be enriched by
this gambling.

No sir—but I am as unwilling as another,
that she should be impoverished. All I ask of
those who have prospered it, to stop where they
are, and instead of abandoning their regular
business, and seducing our young mechanics
and others into this, the worst kind of gam-
bling on earth, inasmuch as it is unattended with
reproach, and may be conducted on a large
scale, than any other—let them stick to their
mechanics, launch out their capitalists, and set
all the mechanics to work. It will be for their
interest, and the interest of all parties in the
long run. Good night, sir—Robin's alive! and

a—live—like to be—

One moment, sir—what are we to do? Must
we give up all sorts of business? One appears
to be about as dangerous as another, now. All
my customers are land-speculators.

All sir!

No—not exactly all, perhaps; but of sixty,
whose notes we hold and are obliged to take,
no less than forty-seven are engaged more or
less in land-speculations. Now sir, why should
not we have a finger in the pie?—we run the
same risk and have none of the profits—we
have to take the same security—suffer all the
chances—and let others run off with the cream.

Granted—just now. But when a stoppage
occurs, my young friend, whose notes are most
likely to be paid? Those given to men of busi-
ness, where the profits are small?—or notes
given at the billiard-table—to land speculators,
or lottery-dealers? Do you not see, that the
first moment a change takes place, the blame
will be thrown by the last purchasers upon the
last sellers! they will declare themselves de-
ceived, if not by false representations, assured-
ly by false hopes—away goes the whole row of
bills, one after the other! And in most
cases, they will secure their honest creditors,
their business-paper—an I leave the others to
whistle for their pay; there will be no reproach
in making this distinction, everybody will re-
joice to see it made. And off he went as he
said this—relapsing all at once into his old fa-
miliar manner, flapping his hat over his eyes,
and chanting at the top of his voice—

Robin's alive! and alive like to be!

If he dies in your hand you shall saddle-backed—bee—ee

—ee!

You would have supposed it an Epithalamium, to say
the least of it.

Serious loss by Fire. We learn, says the
Lincoln Intelligencer, that the valuable Mills
in Alna, known as Pierson's Mills, were all
destroyed by fire, together with their valuable
contents, last Tuesday evening. The loss is
estimated at \$5000—no insurance.

[Eastern Augus.]

Wool.—There was imported into the port
of Boston, during the year 1834, three million
five hundred and fifteen pounds of wool, that
cost less than eight cents per pound, and free
of duty:—one hundred thirty three thousand
nine hundred pounds, costing over eight cents
per pound, and dutiable.—Bos. States.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAY 6, 1835.

We call the attention of our readers to an article in to-day's paper from the N. E. Galaxy on the at present, all engrossing subject of land speculation. Those of our readers who are excited by the stories of fortunes made in a few days, with profit. We fear that this fever will be of little eventual benefit to our State. Those who are leaving the small but certain profits of their regular employments for the uncertain hope of a profitable speculation, may safely weigh all the objections that can be urged against the undertaking. The blanks in this lottery have not yet been published, while the prizes have been emblazoned in capitals. That man who has gained five hundred dollars by the fruits of his honest industry, is richer than he who has made a thousand in a land speculation. Fortunes undoubtedly have been and will be made, but it is equally true and certain that poverty and ruin await a portion, we will not undertake to say how large a one, of those engaged in this business. The rich who are able to sustain heavy losses without being ruined thereby, or who can wait upon the fluctuations of the market, may safely embark in these speculations; so also may the poor man who has neither property nor credit to lose. He can hardly be placed in a worse condition by whatever may turn up. But to those who have a little property, and a family who have claims upon that for their support, the risk is too hazardous. This risk too, is not merely of the feverish excitement which it produces—the habits which it engenders, are all worthy of consideration by the tempted. But we will not enlarge upon a subject which has been so much more ably treated by others.

One would suppose by the ravings of the federal press and the abuse it lavishes on Mr. Van Buren, that he had already been nominated as candidate for the Presidency. Why is it that the "whig" papers from Maine to Louisiana are denouncing Mr. Van Buren and beseeching the democracy to select some other man? He must be but little acquainted with the history of the past who does not know why. They fear him for his talents and hate him for his popularity. Let any other man be nominated at the approaching Convention, and you would hear no more ravings of Van Buren. The praises now bestowed upon White would then be lavished on him. Mr. Van Buren is hated and feared, not for any good or bad qualities which he is supposed to possess, but as the probable democratic candidate. The federalists do not hate or abuse him worse than they hate and abuse Jefferson, Madison, or Jackson. Their opposition and malice would have a tendency to increase his popularity, by keeping the attention fixed upon him. His enemies and rivals in the U. S. Senate, by rejecting his nomination as Minister to England, elevated him to the office of Vice President, and a continuance of the malignant attacks of the same party, will render him much assistance in reaching the Presidential chair. Long continued and general abuse of the federal press, is with the people, a high recommendation of a public man, and an assurance that he is an honest democrat, and may be relied on.

Amos Kendall is another man that the federalists are doing all in their power to elevate in public estimation. They say that he is to be appointed Post Master General, and therefore they are increasing the number and frequency of their denunciations against him. Many persons have been surprised at the constant abuse which has been heaped upon this man by the federal press, and affection of contempt with which they have treated him. Many have enquired, why, if he was so mean and insignificant, he was so constantly vilified? Why he was not suffered to remain in the silent obscurity for which his want of talents and character, seemed to deserve him? Those very attacks and accusations gave the lie to themselves. He is no obscure or insignificant man, whom the federal aristocracy think it of no much importance to vilify and degrade. The aristocracy call him the head of the kitchen cabinet. If they are to be believed he has been the originator of all the most important measures of the present administration—he has written the President's Messages and been his prime minister. The man who is accused of all this is by no means an object of contempt. He is worthy of all the attention which they have bestowed upon him, though for a very different reason than that which they assign. Mr. Clay and Mr. Adams can each testify to his abilities as a writer. They have felt his power and the whole country has witnessed its effects. Mr. Clay can neither forget nor forgive Kendall's refusal to follow him from the most violent opposition, to an alliance with, and cordial support of Mr. Adams. "The head and front of his offence hath this extent; no more." We know of no objection to his character or qualifications which should prevent his being a faithful and efficient Postmaster General, should he be appointed to that office. Indeed we should suppose him to be well qualified for the various and complex duties of that office.

Important if true. We are informed by the Kennebec Journal, and also by the Free Press and Advocate, that Mr. Sprague, late Senator in Congress from this State, and who recently removed to Boston, Mass. has been employed as counsel in a case recently tried there.

AMERICAN MAGAZINE. We have received the April number of this valuable and interesting periodical, some extracts from which will be found in this day's paper. We hope these specimens will induce our readers to examine the work for themselves.

NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The decision of a question involving consequences as important as the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency, should not be entrusted to the power save that of a National Convention. The idea that the public opinion can be harmonized by the wishes of here and there an individual—thrown out upon the spur of the occasion, without any accompanying evidence of a disposition to yield personal predilections for the public good,—is quite too ridiculous to be honestly entertained by reasonable men. He must be blind indeed, who cannot see that the only hope of the opposition now rests upon their ability to divide and thereby conquer, the democratic party. United, they know it is irresistible—but if the seeds of discord which they are endeavoring to fling among us, are permitted to take root, and bear fruit, a combination of factions minorities may yet control the destinies of the country. The only way to retain in the hands of the people

their due power, is to exercise that power to its full extent upon every occasion, in the nomination and support of candidates. Intrigue and personal favor are ever combating the public good—and wealth, rank, and power, are but too apt to exercise an undue influence, unless care be taken to guard against them. In a body constituted as the proposed National Convention will be, there can be no chance for these causes to operate. The delegates, fresh from their constituents, elected in open day, and generally instructed by the power to which they owe their official existence, (the people) would not have the courage, even if they had the disposition, to suffer their personal feelings to predominate over their public duty. They will look only to the general good—and acting upon the high principle that offices were not created for individuals, they will bestow them only upon those in whose talents, principles and probity they will have ample security for the faithful performance of their official trusts, and for an unqualified support of Democratic principles. A determination to abide by a nomination thus fairly and honorably made, is all that is necessary to ensure success in the coming election—all that is necessary to secure to the people a continuance of those principles of strict and impartial justice in the administration of their government, which have distinguished the present administration, and which so much redound to the honor and glory of its venerable chief. We have too much confidence in the intelligence and sincerity of our Democratic friends, to believe that they will be swayed from the path of duty by the arts of a cunning but unprincipled enemy, and we look to the approaching contest with the full confidence that it will exhibit a Democratic triumph not only honorable, but useful to the country—not only creditable to the industry, but to the intelligence and probity of our friends.—*Hos. Statesman.*

The following letter appeared originally in the Boston Commercial Gazette. The Washington Globe attributes it to Hon. Tristram Burgess, the federal candidate for U. S. Senator from that State.

Providence, April 15, 1835.
11 o'clock, P. M.

I had an opportunity of forwarding to you by "Express," and for the very moderate sum of five dollars, all the information that you could desire with reference to the Rhode Island election; but, as the "fine fellow" who made me the offer was a good Whig, I did not feel myself justified in imposing upon him the onerous and unprofitable duty of advising you, by "Express," of the defeat and disgrace of Rhode Island. I say disgrace, because we have been beaten and put to rout, when it is notorious as the existence of the sun, that we have in this State a clear majority of from five to eight hundred votes. And yet, I am not disappointed with the issue, as you must be satisfied by the whole tenor of my correspondence. Do you ask why it is that I will success have attended us? My reply is simple and at hand. The whig party of Rhode Island, like the great Whig party of the United States, has neither head nor tail—it is destitute of organization and discipline in one word it has neither management nor design? I do not intend to offer any disrespect, but I mean what I say; and if the party cannot be united, far better were it for the people if it were totally disbanded. Here, with every thing at our command, and with the ability to succeed, we have suffered shame and disgrace, because many of our party stopped by the roadside to quarrel about masonry, anti-masonry, anti-slavery, anti-brandy, gin and cold water, orthodoxy, heterodoxy, Fanny Wright, Beebeebub, and railroads. Thus we quarrelled and split and divided—the well-organized forces of the administration marched up in the mean time, and carried all before them. We have just lost our Senator, and the State beside, and thus, with tears in my eyes and wormwood in my gizzard do I "curse and quit" the Rhode Island Election for April, 1835. "Give me my hat—I want to go home."

Yours, very truly.

From the Eastern Argus.

Mr. Benton, on his return home was invited to partake of a public dinner given by his political friends, in Louisville, (Ky.) In his reply, he adverts to the importance of the approaching Presidential contest and the desperate efforts the party in opposition are preparing to put forth to acquire again the political ascendancy. In allusion to the U. S. Bank, Mr. Benton observes—

I will also take this occasion to say publicly, what I have often said privately to my friends, within the last few months, that the Bank of the United States is not dead! nor has it any idea of dying! That, on the contrary, it is now acting a more efficient and a more dangerous part in our politics than it has ever acted secretly and silently, and has thrown people off their guard. To bring the next Presidential election into the House of Representatives, and to beat down the man whom it is known will not, if elected, ever sign a National Bank charter, is now the fixed policy of that institution; and to accomplish that policy the entire power of the Bank is now exerted with an energy and determination never surpassed, and so much the more dangerous, as it has ceased to carry on its designs openly and publicly.

It has sometimes been denied that Judge White, on whom the Federal party evince a disposition to concentrate their strength, is not in favor of a National Bank. The Judge's course, at the last session of Congress, exhibited a versatility, and inconsistency, that render any inference drawn from his past conduct or

professions, utterly uncertain. That his connection with the Bank should be disavowed is natural enough. His chance of success while the open advocate of that institution, would be hopeless. The expositions of his opinions by his organs at Washington, though very full and explicit, on other subjects, are silent about the Bank. His supporters are Bank men, and men who have again and again declared the existence of a National Bank to be far more important than any other line of policy that has agitated the public mind. They are now embarked, heart and soul, in favor of the Judge. There can be no doubt, that if the party now supporting Judge White should succeed, their first effort will be to fasten this odious institution upon the country. The Bank is to keep still, work secretly, and a secret friend to the Bank is to be pushed under other pretences, and thus the allies hope to revive that institution, in despite of the repeated condemnations of the people.

NOTICE TO OXFORD SENATORIAL DISTRICT.

The Democratic Republicans, in the County of Oxford are requested to assemble in Delegation, on Paris Hill, from each Town and incorporated Plantation, on WEDNESDAY, the 10th day of June, at the Court House, at 1 o'clock, P. M. for the purpose of selecting and nominating two suitable persons as Candidates for Senators to the next Legislature from Oxford Senatorial District, and nominate some suitable person as Candidate for county Treasurer, to be supported at our next annual September election, and transact all other necessary business that should interest said County. Each Town and Plantation is requested to send as many Delegates to said Convention, as Towns and plantations were entitled to at the forming of the Constitution of the State of Maine.

Per Order.

April 16th, 1835.

MARRIED.

In Boston, on Sunday morning, by Rev. Mr. Stow, in P. Phelps to Malah Harris, Esq. Capt. William B. Bray to Miss Ann Maria Sawtelle; Mr. Samuel B. Holto to Miss Mary W. Dehu; Lieut. Lee Leavitt to Miss Betsey B. Jones.

DIED.

In Augusta, Mr. Daniel Piper, Inhabitant, aged 31. In Oxford, on Tuesday 14th inst. Mr. Wm. L. Warren, son of Capt. John Warren, of Sacarapa, aged 26—killed by logs rolling over him while engaged in getting them into a sawmill river.

Sheriff's Sale.

TAKEN in execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, on Friday the fifteenth day of May next at ten o'clock, A. M. at the Inn of Eustace P. Poor, in Andover said County of Oxford, all the right, title, and interest, which Ebenezer Bodwell, of Andover, North Star, County of Lincoln, owns by virtue of a possession or improvement, on a certain tract of Land situated in said Andover North Star, being the same on which the said Ebenezer Bodwell now lives.

Andover, April 20, 1835.

THIS subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

CALEB CUSHMAN,

late of Hebron, in the county of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to said deceased estate to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to GIDEON CUSHMAN, Jr.

Hebron, April 14, 1835.

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the County of Oxford.

THE undersigned respectfully represent, that in October 1832, a county road was located on the petition of Ebenezer Keyes and others, beginning at the guide post north-westerly of Ken's Mills in Turner, and running westerly of the house where Doct. Howe formerly resided, and westerly of General Turner's hill to the bridge over twenty mile stream near Turner Village. That the inhabitants of the town of Turner were allowed until the fifteenth day of October, 1833, to make said road safe and convenient for travellers, &c. to pass. That said town of Turner has neglected to open and make said road, (although the same is much needed for the accommodation of the public travel), under the pretence that it is not legally established as a public highway on account of certain irregularities in the proceedings of the County Commissioners—Your petitioners therefore pray your Honorable to cause said road to be opened and opened pursuant to the Statute in such cases made and provided, or to be located anew and established as a new public highway, making slight variations from the location aforesaid, wherever in the opinion of the Commissioners, upon further examination, the public good would be promoted thereby—And as in duty bound will ever pray.

DANIEL COOLIDGE, & 40 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss:

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris within and for the county of Oxford on the last Tuesday of October, A. D. 1834.

On the foregoing Petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of Isaac Gross in Turner aforesaid, on Friday the fifth day of June next, at nine o'clock, A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing notice of copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice to be served on the Clerk of said town of Turner, and on the County Attorney of said county of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in said town of Turner, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the others, notice to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

JOB WORK,

Executed with neatness and despatch at this OFFICE

Norway High School.

A High School, will commence in Norway Village, under the instruction of Mr. WILLIAM C. BALDWIN, a member of AMHERST COLLEGE, on Monday the fourth day of May next. Scholars from neighboring towns can be accommodated on reasonable terms.

Norway-Village, April 25th, 1835.

New Establishment.

THE Subscribers have purchased the entire Stock in the Store recently occupied by Thomas Crockett, Esq. on Paris-Hill, and have entered into Partnership under the firm of

S. CROCKETT & CO.

They have on hand and will continue to keep a full and extensive assortment of FOREIGN & DOMESTIC GOODS, which they will sell on as good Terms as can be purchased in this or any other place in the vicinity. They will be happy to wait with promptitude and facility on all those who may favor them with a call.

SEWALL CROCKETT, GODFREY G. WATERHOUSE.

Paris, April 27, 1835.

GEORGE H. KENDALL

No. 26, Middle Street, Portland,

OPPOSITE THE FOOT OF FREE STREET,

IS now opening 40 packages of English, French, and American DRY GOODS: among which are Broadclothes, Cassimeres, Sattinets, Vestings, Linens, Blouses and Long Slaves, Boots and Shoes, Muslins, Seals, Corsets, figured and checked Cambrics, plain white do. Dimities, 4, 5 and 6-4 Nett Laces, Insertions, Edgings, Quillings, Bombazines, Italian Gravats, Silk Rancy do. Choppas, Bandannas, Spitalfield and Pongee Hoods, Ladies' fancies, Damask Napkins, 6, 7, 8-4 Damask Cloths, 5, 6, 7, 8-4 Plaid Cloths, 6, 7, 8-4 figured do. double Damasks, Russia Diapers, Crash, Flannels, Cambrics, Spool Cottons, Bonnet Cambrics, cold'd do. Italian Sewings, Cotton Fringes, Merinoes, Drillings, Ginghams, Checks, bleached and brown Sheetings and Shirtings, rich London twill'd, Merino twill'd light London, Velvet (a new style), Shally and American Prints, Indigo Blue, and Mourning do. white, black, & colored Cotton and Linen Threads, Buttons, Pins, Tapes, Braids, Padding, Canvass, Dowels, Silicious, brown and black Linen, Moreans.

SILKS.

Gro de Swiss, Poux de Soix, twill'd Satin Levantines, black, blue black and colored.

GRO DE MARS.

Synchaws, Saracells, colored Florences, White Satins, and a great variety of figured Silks.

RIBBONS.

Satin, Lustings, Gauze, Cap and Bonnet Ribbons, of a rich and new style.

All of which will be sold cheap for cash or approved credit.

March 9, 1835.

Farms For Sale.

On the Androscoggin River, two miles from Rumford Corner.

ONE farm of one hundred and twenty acres of Intervale with out-lands—of fifty acres of Intervale with out-lands and buildings, as may best suit the purchaser, may be had on favorable terms. Persons wishing to purchase will call on CUSHMAN & KIMBALL, Rumford Point, February 23, 1835.

JOEL C. VIRGIN,

PRACTITIONER AT LAW,

Bethel, Maine.

Reference, to STEPHEN CHASE, Esq. Rumford.

(NICHOLAS EMERY, Portland.

NOTICE

IS hereby given to all persons indebted to Doct. Gavora of Bethel, upon Book-Account, that his Books are left with the subscriber for adjustment. Immediate payment, or some other arrangement is requested, and will prevent cost.

WILLIAM FRY, Bethel, March 11, 1835.

New Establishment!

GEORGE H. KENDALL—Portland,

HAS taken the Store No. 26, Middle Street, next above Shaw, Rogers & Co. and nearly opposite the foot of Free Street, where he offers a new and extensive assortment of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, at Wholesale and Retail.

March 7, 1835.

NOTICE.

THIS is to forbid all persons harboring or trusting Aaron Moore, on my account, for I have made provision for said Moore, for his bet and board, and I will pay nothing for said Moore after this date.

REUBEN WALTON. 3 w 37

Mexico, April 6, 1835.

Morgan Ratler,

FROM VERMONT,

WILL stand at S. Norris' Stable in Paris, and its vicinity, the ensuing season.

ASAHEL NEWTON. 1231

Lyndon, March 9, 1835.

SIR HENRY.

THIS valuable and noble STED HORSE will stand at Paris Hill on Thursdays, and the remainder of the time at the Stable of Anthony Bennett in Norway.

The farmers of Oxford County have now a favorable opportunity of improving their breed of Horses, by a trifling expense; his stock proves a tough, hardy race, uniting both power, fleetness and elegance.

Terms.—\$3, the leap,—\$4, the season,—\$5, to warrant a foal.

BENNETT & HOBBS.

State of Maine.

RESOLVE in favor of certain Officers and Soldiers of the Revolutionary War, and the Widows of deceased Officers and Soldiers.

RESOLVED, that each non-commissioned Officer and soldier of the Revolutionary Army, who enlisted to serve during the War, or for a term not less than three years in said army; who at the time of his enlistment, was an inhabitant of Massachusetts Proper or the District of Maine, and is now an inhabitant of this State, and who has not already received a grant of land of money in lieu thereof from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; and each Widow of such officer or soldier, who at the time of his decease was an inhabitant of this State—shall be entitled to receive two hundred acres of land, to be selected from either of the following Townships, to wit:—Township number two, Indian Purchase, in the County of Penobscot, reserving all the Pine timber thereon; the same having been heretofore sold—

and Letter D, in the second Range of Town-

ship West of the East line of the State, in the County of Washington. And each non-commissioned officer and soldier who was honorably discharged before the expiration of three years from the time of entering the service, in consequence of wounds received in the service, or other bodily infirmity—and each Widow of such officer or soldier, and the Widow of every non-commissioned officer or soldier who died in the service within three years from the time of his entering the service—shall, if in all other respects coming within the provision of this Resolve, be entitled to receive a like grant of land, to be selected as aforesaid.

RESOLVED, That the Land Agent is hereby authorized and directed to cause the said Townships as soon as may be, to be surveyed and laid out into convenient lots of two hundred acres each; and to execute a conveyance of one lot to every officer, soldier and widow aforesaid, who shall prove his or her claim to the satisfaction of said Land Agent on or before the fourth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty eight. And every such officer, soldier or widow, who shall establish his or her claim as aforesaid, before the survey of land shall be completed, shall be entitled to receive from the Land Agent a certificate, stating that he or she is entitled to two hundred acres of land under the provisions of this Resolve; which certificate shall be conclusive evidence to entitle the lawful holder thereof to a conveyance in fee simple, of one of the two hundred-acre lots aforesaid, whenever said land shall be surveyed and laid out as herein provided.

RESOLVED, That the Land Agent is hereby authorized to procure at the expense of the State, from the Land Agent, and the Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and from the Pension Office at Washington, certified copies of all such documents and records as he may deem necessary or useful in carrying into effect the provisions of this Resolve. And it shall be his duty to keep correct plans of all surveys which shall be made as aforesaid, and to mark upon each lot the name of the person who shall first make choice of the same, and also to keep a record of the names and places of abode, and such other material circumstances relating to the several claimants, as may be deemed necessary to obviate all disputes respecting the justice of their claims.

RESOLVED, That every officer, soldier, and widow aforesaid, who shall become the owner of land under the provision of these Resolves, shall hold the same exempt from attachment on mortgage process or execution.

In the House Rep'r's. March 16, 1835.

Read and Passed.

JONA. CILLEY, Speaker.

In Senate, March 16, 1835 Read & Passed.

JOSIAH PIERCE, President.

March 17, 1835, Approved.

ROBERT P. DUNLAP.

STATE OF MAINE.

LAND OFFICE,

Augusta, March 26, 1835.

The "Resolve in favor of certain Officers and Soldiers of the Revolutionary War, and the Widows of deceased Officers and Soldiers," passed March 17, 1835, having made it my duty to decide upon the applications for land under the provisions of said Resolve, I have established the following rules and regulations:

All officers and soldiers will be required to subscribe and make oath to the truth of a declaration, setting forth the material facts respecting their service; among which the following particulars must be embraced:—Their place of residence at the time of enlistment; the regiment in which they served; the name of the Colonel; the date of their discharge; the reasons why they were discharged; their residence March 17, 1835; that neither they nor others claiming under them, have ever received a grant of land or money from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and that they are justly entitled to a grant of land under the provisions of said Resolve. The declaration of widows will assert, "according to the best of their knowledge and belief," all the foregoing particulars respecting their former husbands, also that at the time of their decease they were inhabitants of this State. This must be accompanied by certificates of the Judge of Probate, that satisfactory evidence has been adduced that the applicant was the lawful wife, and is the widow of the person in whose name the claim is made.

The Agent will give certificates agreeably to the provisions of said Resolve, to such as shall produce their declarations and other accompanying evidence sufficient to establish their claims at the Land Office in Augusta, during each session of the Governor and Council, through the year.

Mr. William Wozart, Jr. Augusta, will receive the declarations and examine the evidence of applicants, and his decision will be final, unless facts should come to the knowledge of the Agent, before issuing a certificate, having a tendency to discredit the evidence adduced in support of the claim. All applications and all communications upon the subject, must be made direct to William Wozart, Jr., at Augusta. The copies of documents required for the direction of the Agent in deciding upon applications, will be procured as early as the middle of May.

Whenever the surveys of the townships named in the Resolve, shall have been completed by the Surveyor General, and the plans and field notes returned to this Office, deeds will be forthwith executed upon the application of the "lawful holders" of certificates.

JOHN HODGSDON, Land Ag't of Maine.

The Eastern Republican, Augusta Journal, and Eastern Argus, will publish the above Resolve and notice two months.

April 1, 1835.

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